

Cross Your Heart by 14winters

Series: [Only Love \[3\]](#)

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Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven, Jane Hopper, Jane "El" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Max Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

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Summary:

After the events of season 2, Steve, Nancy, and Jonathan are trying to survive the last months of high school while keeping their relationship with each other secret.

1. Comfort

Author's Note:

I just needed to vent my Nancy and Stoncy feelings.
It's not that deep.

The nightmares come to Nancy in waves. The weeks after El disappears and Will comes back were the worst, in the beginning. She knew Mike cried himself to sleep. She could see it in his eyes when they ate breakfast together, because she saw the same drained, dark look in the mirror every morning.

She took a week off of school. She mourned Barb alone. She almost called Jonathan. So many times she looked at his phone number, written down in his handwriting the same day she'd shown him the picture he'd taken of Barb.

Then when she went back to school, she saw Jonathan, but he wouldn't look at her. She waited, thinking he needed more time, too. The same nightmare kept coming back. Barb was screaming in El's voice: *Gone! Gone! Gone!* The bloodied, dying deer turned into Barb. Barb's face in Steve's entryway, hurt and judgmental. Nancy going to the Upside Down in her place. Nancy dying there, never finding a way out.

She had Steve. But in those weeks, she couldn't let him in. She told him she needed time, and he listened. She would think of speaking to Jonathan, almost walk up to him at passing period, but something always stopped her. He'd almost lost his brother. Why would he want to hear about what she had lost?

She wanted to talk about it with Steve, but he was never ready. The nightmares persisted. She lost more sleep than she got.

Then she thought the anniversary of Barb's disappearance would be the worst, the initial shock of how much time has passed. But then Will's birthday comes. Nancy knows what day it is now. March 22nd. He escaped and will celebrate dozens and dozens of birthdays. Barb would never have another. She was gone. Nancy could never bring

herself to speak to Will about it, no matter how long she and Jonathan had been together. Will didn't deserve that, and what good would it do her?

The night of March 22, 1985, she spent the night alone, something she should've never done. She kept her bedside lamp on, but it didn't help. She wanted Jonathan there. She wanted Steve there. She wanted both of them. But she couldn't get herself to pick up the phone, and ten-o'clock came and went. She tried reading. She ate ice cream. She didn't feel the least bit tired until nearly 2 a.m.

Then when she finally drifted off she dreamt of the Upside Down.

She didn't know what Barb had looked like in the Upside Down, didn't see what El had seen. She never asked El what she saw either. The word "gone" echoed in her nightmare, said in El's voice, then her own.

The bloodied deer was there, and then it became Barb. She looked like she was sleeping, but there was blood, blood on her face, her body. The monster was there, in the distance, and Nancy tried to find a way out. But unlike that night in the woods, there wasn't one.

Gone! Gone! Gone!

Nancy woke up sobbing. It was barely past 4 a.m. She didn't go back to sleep.

It was a month later before she told Steve and Jonathan about the nightmares. They had spent the evening watching movies at the Byers', while Will was at the Wheelers' and Joyce was on a date with Hopper. Nancy fell asleep on the couch, using Jonathan's shoulder as a pillow, Steve's head in her lap, her hand in his hair.

In her dream her hand was still in Steve's hair. He was kissing her. But a scream echoed in the distance, in her head, repeating, repeating. Who was screaming?

It was her name. Barb was screaming her name.

She shook herself out of the nightmare and found herself sobbing into Jonathan's shirt, both boys' arms around her. She had to explain.

That night she slept in Jonathan's bed with Steve and Jonathan on either side of her. It was the first night in months she didn't have a nightmare.

Barb's funeral back in December should've given her closure, should've stopped the nightmares. She kept telling herself, that should've stopped them. But they didn't stop.

Insomnia plagued her just as much as the nightmares, and she found only two reliable ways to cope. Smoking weed with her boyfriends to help her truly sleep, and having sex with her boyfriends to focus on them as much as possible, rather than herself.

She could tell she surprised both of them, the first time they went out together, officially. Nancy held both of their hands and didn't care who stared or what anyone thought. They were at a drive-in movie, in Steve's car.

The three of them sat in the backseat, watching *Back to the Future* for a second time, parked toward the back of the lot.

Nancy was only attentive for the first twenty minutes or so. Then she began thinking what she would do to have a time machine. If she could just do something as simple as drive 88 miles per hour and go back to the day before Barb disappeared.

Steve had his hand resting on her thigh, and she and Jonathan were holding hands. She sat between them, the bag of popcorn on her lap. She took up a couple pieces, offered them to Jonathan. He took them with his hand, his fingers brushing her palm, and popped them in his mouth.

She offered another few pieces to Steve the same way. Instead of using his hand to grab them, he used his mouth. She felt his tongue on her skin and had to laugh. She took up more popcorn and turning to Jonathan, saw he was watching them both, smiling. She held the popcorn up to his lips, and he obediently opened his mouth so she could place the popcorn inside.

She did the same with Steve, and it didn't take long before they were both doing more than taking popcorn from her hand. Like licking the

salt and butter from her fingers.

When Steve put one of her fingers in his mouth, she and Jonathan began kissing, and within seconds both boys had their hands up her blouse, and the hand Steve had had on her thigh was unbuttoning her jeans. Jonathan took the bag of popcorn and put it in the front seat, out of the way.

But Nancy stopped Steve's hand before he slipped it under the hem of her underwear. He looked at her, and she moved her hand to cup his chin in her palm. "No." She looked to Jonathan, who still had his hand under her blouse, at her waist. His thumb ran softly back and forth over the small of her back.

"My boys first," she said, turning back to Steve. Her solemn expression must be making them both worry, but Steve just smiled and said, "I think you've got it backwards, babe."

She shook her head. She took Steve's hand and placed it over Jonathan's other hand, which he'd rest on her knee, encouraging her to part her thighs.

Jonathan's eyes were still heavy on her face. "Nancy?" he said, an unspoken question in her name.

She looked at him, made sure her stare was steady. "There are no cars behind us. I checked."

It was a testament to their trust in her that neither of them looked out the back windshield. But she still felt their hesitation. Steve's hand hadn't moved from where she'd placed it over Jonathan's.

So she took up their joined hands in both of her own, gathering them together so their fingers intertwined, and kissed their knuckles. Steve's hands were warmer, like always. Jonathan called him their space heater.

"Can we go somewhere else?" she said, still looking down at their joined hands. Jonathan was running his other hand up and down her spine in gentle strokes. Steve had his other hand on the back of her neck, rubbing slow and pushing hard against the tense muscles. She

closed her eyes.

“Yeah, Nance, of course we can,” Steve said, and he kissed her, soothing but with an eager heat behind it that made her want to hold on and never let go. Jonathan moved her hair off her neck and kissed along her jaw, and as he got closer to her mouth, Steve leaned away and then Jonathan was kissing her, deeply and with the same eagerness, but leashed somehow, which only made Nancy wilder for both of them.

“I’ll drive,” Steve said, just as she and Jonathan parted, and Nancy knew Steve was smiling by the smile on Jonathan’s face.

Jonathan slowly took his hand from Steve and Nancy’s loose grasp, and she heard the jingling of keys as Jonathan took them from his coat pocket, handing them over to Steve.

Steve’s warmth left her side, only making her scoot closer to Jonathan. As Steve started the car, she draped her leg over Jonathan’s knee, and the hand that had been on her back moved around her waist, pulling her flush against his side.

She buried her face in Jonathan’s collar, breathing in deep, the smell of his shampoo, hints of her own perfume already rubbing off on him.

“Jonathan?” she said, hating the emotion in her voice, keeping her eyes closed against it.

“Yeah?” His hand went under her blouse again, his hand spreading over the bare skin of her waist. The car was moving, and Nancy thought of where they could be going, knowing it wasn’t far.

“I wish we could go into the future,” she said. “Maybe there we wouldn’t have to—”

She didn’t want to say the word.

“I know,” Jonathan said, and the vibration of his voice against her both soothed and overwhelmed her. She took a deep breath, kissed his neck, and tried not to think anymore.

2. Arrangements

Notes for the Chapter:

This is my first effort at writing smut, please be kind.

Nancy usually made it possible for them to coordinate meeting up without drawing suspicion. She was their “beard,” after a fashion, except backwards—she was really dating both of them while pretending to date only one of them.

She was the one who acted as the middle man, arranging everything under the noses of their peers and the adults. Not because Jonathan and Steve were unwilling, but because she was underestimated by practically everyone. No one expected a small 17 year old girl like Nancy to be up to anything.

Hawkins was also a small town, and they’d all learned last fall how quickly news spread—nearly everyone at their high school had thought Jonathan and Nancy were dating the very day after the Halloween party. Everyone knew Nancy and Jonathan were dating now, and that Steve was Nancy’s ex. Everyone knew how Nancy had gotten shitfaced drunk at the Halloween party and made Steve angry enough to abandon her there, leaving Jonathan to take her home.

Nancy and Jonathan were a grade lower than Steve, and so they had to get creative when it came to coordinating where and when the three of them could meet.

They did have their lunch hour together, but Steve and Jonathan never sat next to each other, Steve always sitting across from Jonathan and Nancy. They could talk openly about other things—about their classes, what Mike and Dustin and the rest of the party were up to, Jonathan’s photography, Steve’s college plans. In small notes written in the margins of their notebooks, they wrote their plans to meet after school, but never wrote enough that someone snooping through their things could guess what was going on.

Nancy was the one most worried about this. Her mother was the type to go through her things without telling her. Nancy wanted to protect

Steve and Jonathan, and she knew keeping her relationship with Steve, and thus his relationship with Jonathan, a complete secret was vital to that. This meant she couldn't keep the notes Steve and Jonathan wrote her, usually passing them to her hidden in the pages of textbooks. She had to leave them behind in Jonathan's car, and he would hide them in his house, somewhere she still didn't know. She could never call Steve on the phone at her house, only at Jonathan's. So when schoolwork kept her at home, and Jonathan was at work, there was only one other recourse—get a note to Steve at school.

But she couldn't just simply give him a note, not in person, not in his locker. Someone would see her leave the note, or see him take it out, and they'd get suspicious, maybe even ask questions. Or intercept the note and find out far more than they should.

Nancy shared gym class with Steve. So the first few times, Nancy just decided to be late for her next class, and stay behind to meet Steve in the showers of the boys' locker room. It was worth the awkward stares for her tardiness just to feel Steve's warm weight against her, his damp hair between her fingers, fresh from the showers, as he kissed her against the wall before she could get a word in edgewise. He always told her to give the same message to Jonathan, and she always obliged.

She and Steve even managed not to be late once, when Nancy skipped gym class and waited until Steve snuck out of gym early to meet her in the boys' locker room.

But after being late to the same class twice, Nancy was afraid someone would see a pattern, and knew she had to find a better way.

She couldn't leave her note for him in his locker, not even his gym locker. If anyone saw him taking out a note with a girl's handwriting on it, there'd be questions. It was too obvious, but it didn't take long for Nancy to figure out she just had to find a less conspicuous place to leave a note.

Jonathan's work schedule was seldom the same week to week, and Nancy needed to find out when it was safe to come over to Steve's house. It was the middle of winter and Jonathan couldn't afford to keep his car running outside in whatever random place they might

otherwise meet up. Behind the bleachers when they knew it'd be completely deserted. That dead end road a couple miles from Castle Byers. Any number of deserted places they could park their cars and hang out without anyone finding them or taking them unawares. All places they'd discovered the summer of '84, pooling their resources and gas money and driving where no one would see or know them.

And god, they wanted to be together in an actual bed, in an actual house, for a few hours without worrying about anyone coming home.

But Steve accidentally solved her problem for her. Right before gym they passed each other in the hallway. As usual, he didn't look at her, and his longer legs got him in front of her in no time. She looked him up and down, biting the inside of her cheek, thinking. Then she saw his shoes.

His shoes! They were different than the ones he wore in gym. He changed his shoes in the locker room.

Nancy smiled to herself. Once she got into the girls' locker room, she made sure to change clothes as slowly as she could without being obvious, waiting until all the other girls left for class. She took out her note intended for Steve, scribbled another message on it, before folding it carefully. Then she quickly and quietly went into the boys' locker room, listening for the sound of anyone who might still be there. But it was empty.

She found Steve's locker, knowing where it was from her previous excursions to the boys' locker room. And just as she suspected, there were his regular shoes, traded in for gym shoes, sitting on the ground outside his gym locker. She tucked her note into the left shoe—it was the first shoe he put on.

And as she'd hoped, Steve's reply was in the textbook she'd given to Jonathan that morning. It was an old math textbook they'd been using to give notes to each other since last September. It was only for simple notes, ones that just said a time or a place, but never an exact date, and no names and no way to identify who wrote it. They passed it between them in the morning or at lunch, or left it in places they knew the other would be. In this case, Jonathan had left it for Steve in the classroom Steve had Physics. And Steve had left it for Nancy in

the classroom she had Geography, the one class she had closest to the gym and the locker rooms.

And Nancy saw Steve's most recent note didn't have his name or hers on it, just a time. 7:30pm in his large, lopsided handwriting. His parents were leaving for a week, and they finally knew when.

When Nancy and Jonathan passed Steve on the way to Jonathan's car after school, it took all of Nancy's willpower not to launch herself into Steve's arms. She didn't look at him, but she hoped he saw her smile.

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When the three of them wanted to be together, really together, most of the time they just found a deserted spot in the woods to park their cars and hang out after school, or on the rare Sundays Jonathan had off work.

But these deserted places were always the last resorts, when Steve's parents were actually at home instead of gone for business or at a party. When Joyce wasn't working and Will was home.

Steve's house was their true place of freedom. Hours, whole nights, when they knew they had an entire house to themselves. Steve's house was where Jonathan was filled with the most intoxicating combination of anticipation and dread. Anticipation because he didn't know when this would happen again. Dread because he knew it had to end.

They'd start off with Jonathan following Steve at a respectful distance. Jonathan would watch how the taller boy moved, without letting his eyes wander too low. Try not to think too much about what his hair felt like when he ran his fingers through it.

Nancy made it a point to walk between the two boys, acting as a buffer. Even the few times the three of them stood together in the school hallway, and when they sat at lunch together, she made sure to be that buffer, to chase suspicion from anyone's mind.

So on those rare days when they had Steve's house to themselves, his

parents gone, the weight of subterfuge was immediately lifted as soon as the front door closed behind them.

They would draw each other into a hug, Nancy raining kisses on cheeks and lips, unable to keep her joy leashed, Steve trying to bear hug them both at once.

Then after getting a hug from both of them, Nancy would draw back from the group hug. She would let Jonathan and Steve kiss first, grinning the whole time.

In the beginning she'd even asked them if they wanted her to give them some privacy, for just the two of them. Jonathan had immediately said an adamant no, with Steve shaking his head beside him, that crushed look on his face, the one that practically put his heart in his eyes.

"Nance..." Steve almost whispered, the way he shuffled his feet revealing he was trying to hold back from stepping closer to Nancy. He'd learned he tended to crowd people when he was anxious, so he tried to give both Jonathan and Nancy space.

"Have we done anything to make you think..." Steve started, biting his lower lip.

"To make you think we don't want you around?" Jonathan finished for him, shoving his hands into his jacket pockets.

Nancy was pulling at the buttons of her coat, trying to keep from crossing her arms. "No! It's just," she said, looking between them, before focusing on Steve, "at school Jonathan and I can be together. And you and Jonathan...you two never get to be yourselves. I hate it. I want you both to be happy. If that means I give you two privacy, of course I'll do it." She then shoved her hands in her coat pockets, a habit she'd picked up from Jonathan, and looked down, to the side. "I could go get us food or something."

Steve looked to Jonathan, stuttering around words he couldn't get out. Jonathan jumped in.

"That would mean that we viewed you as a sort of intruder, Nance,"

he said, then glanced at Steve. His boyfriend almost looked angry, but it was focused inward. Jonathan knew that feeling all too well.

“And we don’t,” Steve said, his words heavy with his resolution.

Jonathan reached forward and took Nancy’s hand, pulling her toward them, until they were all hugging again.

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But the movie theater where Jonathan worked was the easiest. All Steve and Nancy would have to do is buy tickets for the last showing of the night, and wait for Jonathan to get done with his shift. Then the three of them would sneak into an empty theater that had already been cleaned and closed for the night.

It was the weekend after Jonathan’s eighteenth birthday, and the month Steve would graduate high school, May 1985. The three of them wanted to celebrate, but Jonathan had to work as much as he could, so it had to be after his shift at the movie theater. They chose an empty theater, and Steve surprised them both with a blunt he’d brought just for the occasion. The three of them only had a few hours left before returning to high school, to the charade they all hated. But being together was better than being apart.

So it had to be the movie theater at 1am. Steve was wearing the jacket Jonathan had gotten him last Christmas. They lit the blunt with the Zippo lighter Jonathan had gotten from Steve that same Christmas, and shared it in the very back row of the empty theater. It was nearly pitch dark, the only light coming from the hallway and the distant “Exit” sign.

This meant that they all used the darkness as an excuse to touch each other more readily than they would even in their own bedrooms. Whether it was the large, silent space of the theater, or the weed, or both, all they wanted was to touch each other. An arm and wrist was grasped before the blunt was handed over, and at multiple points they kissed before placing the blunt between the other’s lips. Jonathan relished the feeling of Steve pressing his cheek into his palm, imagined his smile behind the small glow of the blunt as Steve inhaled. Nancy pressed Jonathan’s hand against her neck, pulling him

closer as she took the blunt from his fingers, kissing his wrist before letting go.

Steve ended up practically in Jonathan's lap, his left leg draped over Jonathan's thigh. Nancy sat to his left using his shoulder as a pillow, as she often did, Steve's jacket draped over her knees. She held the last of the blunt in her left hand, her right hand tracing a pattern on the top of Jonathan's other thigh.

Jonathan had his head leaned back, closing his eyes against the flood of sensations and thoughts. Steve had one hand in his hair, cradling the back of his head.

Steve was on a marijuana-induced rambling spree, talking to Nancy about Jonathan as if he wasn't there, making them both grin and laugh until they were breathless and their cheeks ached.

"...No, but Jonathan, Nancy, Jonathan...have you noticed he does this thing with his hands *all the time* and oh man I love it and it's like he knows exactly where to touch you without you saying anything I *love that* so much, Jesus fucking Christ, Nance..."

Steve was talking so fast, the excitement in his voice was both making Jonathan laugh and turning him on. Nancy squeezed Jonathan's thigh before her hand wandered upward. She leaned close, kissed Jonathan's cheek, and brought the blunt close to his mouth.

The strong smell invaded his nose as he kissed her again, her fingers wandering along his jaw before she drew away and put the blunt in his mouth. Jonathan held the blunt with right forefinger and thumb, taking one last hit. After he exhaled, Steve took the blunt from his mouth, and presumably put it between his own lips, Jonathan couldn't say for sure since he still kept his eyes closed. It was a few seconds before he realized Steve had taken his hand and was kissing his palm and fingertips with such gentleness Jonathan suddenly felt an overwhelming need to have Steve closer. But Nancy's hand was unbuttoning his jeans and he couldn't concentrate between the onslaught of sensation from her hands and Steve's lips.

"Shit, Steve, fucking shit," Jonathan said, thrusting his head back

into Steve's hand as Nancy touched him, her fingers soft and warm. But the coiled strength he could always feel in her drew ragged gasps from him, and electric chills shot through his body from where her hand caressed him.

"Steve," he gasped, his eyes squeezed shut, as he fought not to buck his hips wildly. "Fuck—Kiss me, Steve, please," he rasped, his words ending on a stifled moan as Nancy's hand quickened against him, her teeth grazing the side of his neck, her body pressing against his side.

"No problem, baby," Steve whispered, his warm breath on Jonathan's cheek, before he covered Jonathan's mouth with his own. Steve's tongue licked into his mouth, at the same moment Nancy bit and licked at his neck, leaving several marks she knew he wouldn't hide.

Steve's hand went under the collar of his shirt, his nails dragging eagerly across Jonathan's skin, at the same moment Nancy leaned away, only to pull down his jeans and boxers, and pull up his shirt, completely exposing him.

Considering it was nearly pitch dark, and he was hot with need, Jonathan didn't really mind.

She moved down and then her mouth was on him, and he moaned into Steve's mouth, one hand plunging into Nancy's hair, the other gripping Steve's thigh, now pressed flush against the outside of his. Steve moved closer against him, if that was possible. He smiled into their kiss, and nipped at Jonathan's lower lip, making him moan again.

While still kissing him, Steve pushed up Jonathan's shirt further and played with his nipples. His other hand that had been at the back of his head trailed down to his lower back, then he dragged his nails back up Jonathan's spine, encouraging him to thrust his hips. Jonathan broke their kiss, moaning breathlessly as Nancy's tongue and lips worked him. He fought not to grip her hair too hard.

Then he felt Steve's hand on his stomach, his fingers trailing gently down, and down. His voice rasped in Jonathan's ear, "You're so tense, baby, let go. Let go for us."

He came into Nancy's mouth, letting go of her hair only to thrust his fingers through Steve's hair, pulling him into a desperate kiss.

As soon as Nancy was done pulling his boxers and jeans back over his hips, he put his hand at the back of her neck, felt the sweat and movement of her muscles as she rose from her knees.

"C'mere, Nance," he said, his voice still ragged, and he pulled her closer until her chest rest against his, her legs unable to frame his thighs, because of the thigh Steve still had pressed against Jonathan's. They all laughed with silly abandon at their positions, Jonathan's other hand moving to hold Steve's.

Jonathan moved his left hand from Nancy's neck to the back of her head as he pressed a hard kiss on her mouth. She laughed as she broke the kiss. "Happy Birthday, Jonathan," she whispered, running a finger down the bridge of his nose.

Steve had his head resting on Jonathan's shoulder now, and Jonathan felt Nancy lean over, heard her kiss him. Jonathan laid his head back, relishing the weight of both of them against him, still trying to catch his breath. His hand went up and down Nancy's back in light strokes, and she hummed happily into Steve's mouth, her hand clenching into Jonathan's shirt.

Steve suddenly jerked against him and his hand tightened on Jonathan's. He broke the kiss with a gasp, "Oh God, Nance." Jonathan grinned in the dark, knowing what Nancy must be doing.

Nancy laughed again, low and mischievous. "Now it's your turn, graduate," she said, before moving her body to sit on Steve's other side.

"Remember I drove here, Nance," Steve said, his hips already thrusting upward into her touch. Jonathan let go of Steve's hand, only so he could cradle the back of Steve's head as he pulled him in for a kiss. He made it long and slow, until Steve was gasping into his mouth, his hand gripping Jonathan's thigh.

Nancy waited until Jonathan ended the kiss, then said nonchalantly, "What's that have to do with anything?"

Steve took a deep breath for air, then another, then bit his lip around a low moan. “Well, you can certainly carry Jonathan to his car and drive him home, but it’s just unfair to expect you to carry me, too. And you can only drive one car at a time so—” His voice broke on another moan.

Nancy laughed, and Jonathan chuckled softly. Jonathan moved his hand down to rest over Nancy’s, so he could feel what she was doing. “Is that a compliment?” she asked, her tone sugary with mock innocence.

Steve’s laughter came out high and breathless. “You know me, Nance. I aim to please.”

“Oh,” Nancy said, and Jonathan could hear the pout she put into just that one word. “I thought that was my job tonight,” she said.

Jonathan felt what Nancy did next, and both he and Steve moaned. After a few seconds, Steve managed to get out, “O-of course I won’t argue with a woman who has my balls in her—”

Nancy cut off his words with a kiss.

3. Protective

Summary for the Chapter:

The party decide to interrogate Nancy and Jonathan, and Steve, separately about their polyamorous relationship and their true intentions toward each other, after Nancy and Steve tell them they intend to move to New York City with Jonathan in the fall.

Notes for the Chapter:

An anon sent me this headcanon on tumblr and it was so perfect I had to write a ficlet to accompany it: *When the kids find out that Steve, Nancy and Jonathan are all dating. Max, Dustin and Lucas corner Nancy and Jonathan in the Byers kitchen one night and give them the major shovel talk and are like "look Steve is an idiot but like he's an idiot who we care about so if you hurt him you'll have us to answer too" (all the while Mike, El and Will are doing the same thing but to Steve in the other room). Nancy thinks it's adorable and the kids just really care about their teens okay.*

I responded: Omg Mike, El, and Will lecturing Steve at the same time Max, Lucas, and Dustin are lecturing Nancy and Jonathan omg that is the perfect Stoncy + the party scenario you are a genius anon!

I'm sorry I have to write my own version of Mike, El, and Will lecturing Steve this is such an amazing idea! I imagine this happening sometime in the spring of 1986, after Jonathan has gotten into NYU and Nancy and Steve had told the party they intend to go to New York City with Jonathan. The party has known the three of them have been dating for at least a year, after Nancy told Mike in spring of 1985 and said it was okay to tell the rest of the party as long as they kept it only between them.

Mike stood with his arms folded, a sure sign he was nervous. Will

couldn't look Steve in the eye. El was the only one who looked the least bit calm. Steve sat on Will's bed, bemused but not too worried.

"We have to talk to you about Nancy and Jonathan," El said, looking Steve directly in his eyes. This used to make Steve nervous, but he'd grown to love the young psychic just as much as he cared for the rest of the party, and his only concern was that he didn't hurt her unintentionally.

Hands resting over his thighs, Steve looked between the three fifteen year olds, quickly guessing what must be going on with Nancy, Jonathan, Max, Lucas, and Dustin in the kitchen. Mike had been sure to close Will's bedroom door so Steve wouldn't overhear.

"We understand why the three of you want to date each other, we're just," Mike began, unfolding his arms, glancing at Steve's face, then away, folding them again.

"We don't know what your intentions are. Long-term," Will finished, finally looking Steve in the face, biting his lower lip.

"And we think it's important that you tell us. Because we care about all three of you," El said, her words coming out slower than the boys'. But Steve knew this was only because El wanted her words to be as clear as possible. Steve always understood her strong need to feel understood, to make everything she said as direct as possible—he'd gone misunderstood for most of his life, and knew that struggle. Even though they'd never been in similar circumstances.

"You're worried I'm going to hurt Nancy and Jonathan, is that it?" Steve said, looking from El to Will to Mike. Their expressions answered his question. El looked over at Mike who stood on the other side of Will, and took Will's hand.

Will looked at the ground, shifting his weight from one foot to the other. Mike bit the inside of his cheek, looked back at El, then quickly back to Steve, his expression guarded. They said nothing.

Steve sighed, a soft smile coming onto his face. "You guys are great, you know that?" he said, looking at all three of them in turn as he spoke. El smiled softly back, Will blushed, and Mike remained very

still, his expression unchanging.

“Long-term, Nancy, Jonathan, and I...we don’t know what’s going to happen. But we love each other, and we want to stay with each other. I want to be with them for as long as they’ll let me. Is that enough for you?” Steve said, raising his eyebrows. His voice had stayed calm. He understood their concern, and was rather touched they’d bother to do any of this. He would never get used to having all these adopted younger siblings, but he wouldn’t trade any of them for the world.

“So you haven’t asked them to marry you?” El said, completely serious. Steve bit back his laughter, feeling his own face redden. Will laughed nervously, and Mike stared wide-eyed at El, in disbelief that she’d actually asked.

“No, I haven’t. When marriage comes up between us, it’s often us debating how it would be allowed. See, we’re not sure it’s legal to be married to two people at once,” Steve said, looking at El and feeling his heart clench at the honest confusion on her face. There was so much about the world she didn’t know, and yet she’d been through more pain in fifteen years than any one person ever should have to endure.

“So you really love each other?” Mike said, his words coming out quickly.

“Yeah,” Steve said, his smile growing. “Yeah we do.”

Will glanced from Mike to El, then looked at Steve, taking a deep breath. “That’s all we wanted to know,” he said finally. El nodded, still looking a bit confused, but not unhappy. The silence stretched a bit, then Mike rolled his eyes, and went to open the bedroom door.

“Are you guys done yet!” Mike yelled down the hall toward the kitchen. Steve laughed.

“Yeah!” Max yelled back. Soon Max, Lucas, and Dustin appeared around the corner, entering the room in a line. Nancy and Jonathan followed, holding hands.

Jonathan's face was still red, and Nancy had an impish smile on her face, and was looking at Mike with a mix of pride and amusement.

Nancy settled on Steve's left, kissed his cheek. Jonathan sat on Steve's right, and Steve reached for his hand. Jonathan took it, smiling slightly at Steve before turning to the six kids standing before them.

"So, do we have your blessing to move to New York together?" Nancy said, keeping her voice completely serious, despite the smile sparkling in her large eyes.

Max had her arms folded, standing right next to Mike, who'd shoved his hands in his pockets. Lucas stood next to Max, Dustin next to Lucas, and both boys had their eyes glued to Max, waiting for her word.

Max looked over to El, who gave a single nod, her expression solemn. Max turned back to Nancy, almost glaring. "Yes, you do. On one condition."

"What is that?" Steve asked, holding back laughter again. Jonathan squeezed his hand, and Steve squeezed back.

"You have to promise to call one of us at least once a week," El said, still completely solemn.

"That's not ba—" Jonathan started, but Lucas cut him off.

"And you send us photographic evidence of all three of you living together. Once a month."

Nancy piped up, "Every two months. Postage is expensive."

"Deal," Dustin said.

Nancy then did something no one expected. She stood up, spit into her palm, and held it out to Mike.

Mike looked stunned for a moment. He looked from Max, to Will, to Lucas. Lucas raised his eyebrows at him.

Then Mike finally looked back at his sister, nodded, and spit into his

palm. They shook on it.

4. Complementary

Summary for the Chapter:

Jonathan takes erotic photos of Steve and Nancy together.

Notes for the Chapter:

This prompt was given to me by pyromaniac-smartass on tumblr. Was first posted to my sideblog.

All of the photos would be taken at night, except one they managed in the middle of the woods during the day. During that shoot Steve and Nancy had covered their naked bodies so thoroughly in bug spray they couldn't kiss each other—the bug spray would make their lips sting. Steve learned this the hard way.

So they take advantage of Steve's parents' expensive house lighting and get a perfect balance of light that isn't too bright or cheap looking, but isn't so dim they won't show up on Jonathan's camera.

At first Jonathan doesn't have them pose. He just wants to capture them making love with his camera, nothing planned. He didn't want to have them pose, he wasn't comfortable with that at all at first.

So the first night they have a "photoshoot", very few photos are taken because Jonathan can't keep himself from joining them after ten agonizing minutes trying to take photos. It did not help that in the hour before taking the photos, he'd barely touched Nancy or Steve, and he'd watched them undress.

So they learned in future photoshoots they'd have to let off steam *before* Jonathan got out his camera. It only made it slightly easier to take pictures. It becomes just as much about Jonathan's self-control as it does about taking naked pictures of his girlfriend and boyfriend together.

After four separate photoshoots over the course of two months, including the one in the woods, Jonathan found his favorite photo

he'd taken of Nancy and Steve. He loves it because both of their faces are shown, but it doesn't look like they posed. It's mostly Nancy's profile, resting on Steve's left shoulder, her short hair delightfully mussed and partly obscuring her chin. She's in Steve's lap on the bed, her knees framing his thighs. Steve's arms are tightly wrapped around her back, his left hand grasping her left shoulder. Her hand is tangled in his hair, but you can only tell by the gravity defying heights of his long hair, her hand cradling the back of his head.

Nancy looks soft and submissive, while Steve looks demanding and desperate. But Nancy doesn't look indifferent either. It's a perfectly balanced pose, with contrasting yet complementary emotions clearly shone in their faces and bodies.

When Jonathan shows them his favorite for the first time, they reflect those emotions in their reactions. Nancy's eyes become soft and liquid with arousal. While Steve, standing beside Jonathan, grips Jonathan's arm so tight it leaves a bruise. Then Steve begins kissing Jonathan with the same frenzied longing Jonathan had felt from Steve in that photo.

Steve and Jonathan both pull Nancy into their embrace and she kisses Jonathan's closed eyelids first, her cool fingers snaking beneath his shirt. When she leans away, Jonathan sees the same demure softness in her face that he'd seen in the photo. She smiles, manages to look mischievous and passive at the same time. There is a different longing there than Steve's—Nancy's body leans back toward him in a slow, deliberate motion of need. Calm in her body but revealing both her strong desire and her strength of will at the same time.

When they are finally sated with and by each other, Jonathan sprawled over Nancy's lap with Steve's fingers lazily trailing over his stomach as he reclines beside him, Nancy is the one to bring it up. When she can take photos of Jonathan and Steve. When Steve can take photos of Jonathan and her. Steve laughs low and sultry in Jonathan's ear, his hand going lower. "Yes, when will we get to hold your camera, Byers," he whispers, no question in his tone. Nancy is petting his hair, slow, gentle strokes, knowing he preferred having it pulled. Her eyes linger on his lips as she waits for his answer.

Jonathan licks his lips, and sees Nancy's eyes widen so briefly he

almost misses it. “Tomorrow. Who wants to go first?”

Nancy puts a finger to her chin, looks at Steve. Her hand fists hard in Jonathan’s hair, and she pulls back his head, exposing his throat. He cries out breathlessly, already out of breath from Steve’s hand on his cock at the same time.

“Steve will go first,” Nancy says, licking her own lips, still staring at Steve. Then Jonathan has to close his eyes, Nancy’s lips teasing his neck with delicious slowness.

5. Chapter 5

Notes for the Chapter:

Inspired by [this headcanon](#) an anon sent me on [tumblr](#).

Jonathan held the plate of chocolate cake carefully in one hand, watching Nancy's eyes shift from the cake to his face, her lower lip between her teeth as if she was analyzing a math problem. Her hands lingered at the back of his knees, her fingers almost tickling him, her chin close to resting on his hip bone, but not quite.

"What do you say?" Jonathan said, taking up a forkful of cake, holding it aloft. His lower, husky voice always caught him off guard. He was always too lost in their eyes—Nancy's and Steve's.

He could feel Steve's eyes trained on him, on them, from where he sat on his bed, tied to his own bedposts. Steve's shallow breathing filled the beats of silence, Nancy's eyes spitting fire at Jonathan in the most caressing way possible.

"Please...Jonathan..." Nancy said, blinking slowly up at him, titling her head. The blush on her cheeks got darker.

"She is so high right now, man," Steve said to his right, and Jonathan glanced at him, grinning.

Nancy made a low whining sound, looking over at Steve as her hands trailed down Jonathan's calves. He shuddered, his knee twitching.

"I'm not too high to come over there and bite you some more," Nancy said, her words coming out unsteadily, upbeat, teasing. But her expression was almost blank. Except for her bright, hazy eyes.

"Do you see me complaining?" Steve said, his grin widening. He already had several hickeys on his neck and collarbone, all from Nancy.

"Don't distract her," Jonathan said, then lowered the forkful of cake down closer to Nancy's face. Her eyes trained on it, her mouth

parting slightly.

“Know what you’ll get, Nancy?” Jonathan said, his heartbeat speeding up as Nancy’s eyes met his, he holding the cake just out of reach of her soft mouth.

“You,” she said, matter-of-factly, almost arrogant. But there was need behind the dry delivery.

He straightened his spine slightly. “Stop touching me,” he said, making his tone soft.

She immediately dropped her hands from his legs, pressing them down into her naked thighs instead. Her eyes didn’t leave his.

Steve strained against his bonds, Jonathan heard his movement on the bed. He was breathing with his mouth open, Jonathan could tell just by the sound.

But he kept his eyes on Nancy’s face. Her eyes were bloodshot, the blue softened, but still focused.

“Take the plate and put it on the floor,” Jonathan said, his heartbeat loud in his ears.

She did, her fingers brushing his hand. He ran his fingers down her arm before she drew away, just because he could. She smiled, almost shy, her blush spreading.

After setting the plate down, she resumed her position facing him, hands on her thighs, back straight.

“Open your mouth,” Jonathan said, the words a rough whisper.

She did, and he slid the small piece of cake on the fork into her mouth, and she closed her lips gently over the fork as he slipped it out, sans cake.

She chewed and swallowed, closing her eyes as she did, expression blissful. Then she opened her eyes and grinned at him.

“I get you now,” she said, but her body didn’t move. She waited for

him.

He held out the fork for her to take, and she took it to set on the floor beside the plate, never looking away from him.

Jonathan then ran his hand down the side of her face, her hair brushing his fingers. Her eyes became hooded as she leaned into his touch. His hand went to palm the back of her head, and he brought her forward to take his cock into her mouth.

He moaned at her wet warmth around him, and Steve moaned with him. He kept his hand at the back of her head, fighting the urge to push her even farther forward, taking all of him.

Her fingers skated back up his calves, his thighs, as her mouth pleased him expertly.

"She has too much practice," Steve strained out, his words half whine half moan.

"Whose fault..." Jonathan's breath hitched as she brought him much closer to orgasm. "...is that, Harrington?" he finished, his other hand reaching to grip her shoulder. She wore nothing, and her fragile bone and muscle was so tangible under his hand, her softness, her confidence, her mouth, brought him to orgasm in seconds.

He came with a cry, his eyes squeezed shut, pulling her hair roughly in his pleasure.

As soon as she took her mouth from him, he lifted her by her arms without even opening his eyes, and kissed her, hard and demanding.

She broke the kiss suddenly, making his eyes open. Her eyes were wide, her mouth dewy with their kiss.

"I have to take care of Steve," she said, grinning, pressing a kiss to the tip of his nose, and then bounded to Steve on the bed.

"*Finally!*" Steve cried, throwing his head back with a soft moan as Nancy's hands ran down his bare chest.

"We'd never forget about you, Steve," Nancy said, smirking at him,

then pressing a lingering kiss to his lips. He strained against his bonds again, into the kiss, still leaning forward as Nancy pulled away.

Jonathan collapsed on Steve's other side, and immediately began to run his fingers through Steve's hair, raining kisses on his shoulder.

"Are you going to come for me, Steve?" Nancy said, still teasing, now kissing Steve's naval, pulling his boxers over his hips.

Jonathan's mouth had covered Steve's, the kiss hungry and desperate on both ends. Steve moaned into Jonathan's kiss, his hips moving restlessly under Nancy's slow hands. "Maybe," he breathed. Jonathan opened his eyes to see Steve's blissful smile directed at him.

"You're not going to untie me, are you?" Steve said, his words becoming even more breathless. Nancy hadn't even touched his cock. She was pressing slow, almost methodical kisses over Steve's thighs and hips, her tongue and teeth wreaking havoc on his focus.

"No," Jonathan said simply, and pressed closer to him, draping his arm across Steve's chest to skate his fingertips up and down Steve's side, just to feel him shudder against him.